

# SPAWN



APOLLO  
P2

MYARIAN

120



DIGITAL  
EDITION

SPAWN.COM



TODD McFARLANE AND  
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

# a season in hell - part iv

DEDICATED TO  
ALEX CUSACK

## PLOT

TODD McFARLANE  
BRIAN HOLGUIN

## STORY

BRIAN HOLGUIN

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## SPAWN 119 SUMMARY

In an unexpected turn of events, the Redeemer flies into Hell to defend Spawn and Cog, who accidentally drops the mysterious box. The Violator threatens and taunts Spawn; however, in the midst of battle, Spawn suddenly begins to draw strength from his surroundings. He is in Hell: It is his domain, his home, an extension of all that he is. A line has been drawn, as Spawn summons up all the Hellspawns who went before him, and it's time for the residents of Hell to choose sides. Meanwhile, in a distant part of Hell, the Freak has stumbled upon the enigmatic box.



TODD McFARLANE  
PRODUCTIONS



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IN THE BEGINNING...

BROTHER?

THINK HOW IT  
MUST HAVE BEEN...  
THE *FIRST TIME* A  
LIFE WAS TAKEN.  
THE *FIRST TIME* A  
MAN HAD *DIED*,  
HIS BODY COLD  
AND PALE ON THE  
WARM GRASS.

GET UP,  
BROTHER.  
STOP  
PLAYING  
GAMES.

BROTHER...  
CAN YOU  
HEAR ME?  
BROTHER?

HOW  
COULD  
WE HAVE  
KNOWN?

ABEL...?

CAIN!  
WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE?

I-I  
DIDN'T  
MEAN TO...  
I DIDN'T  
KNOW...

HOW COULD WE  
HAVE KNOWN WHAT  
FRAGILE BEINGS  
OUR *MAKER* HAD  
FASHIONED?

AND HOW COULD  
WE HAVE GUESSED  
AT THE CRUELTY OF  
HIS *JUDGMENT*?






Now...

THIS PLACE FILLS ME WITH  
DREAD. A SINGULAR TERROR  
SHARED WITH NO ONE ELSE  
IN CREATION.

FOR I ALONE KNOW THE  
TRUTH OF THIS WORLD:  
THIS PLACE WHICH IS  
MORE THAN A PLACE...



THIS SEETHING  
CRUCIBLE OF PAIN  
AND TORMENT...



THE POISONED FRUIT  
OF ONE MINDLESS  
ACT OF VIOLENCE...




WAS  
MADE  
FOR ME.

I MADE A  
VOW, SINCE  
BEFORE THERE  
WERE WORDS  
TO COUNT  
THE SLOW  
MARCH OF  
CENTURIES...

I SWORE, WITH  
ALL THE HATRED  
I HELD FOR MY  
CREATOR, THAT I  
WOULD NEVER  
SERVE A DAY IN  
THIS PLACE.

I HAVE  
BEEN TRUE TO  
MY WORD.





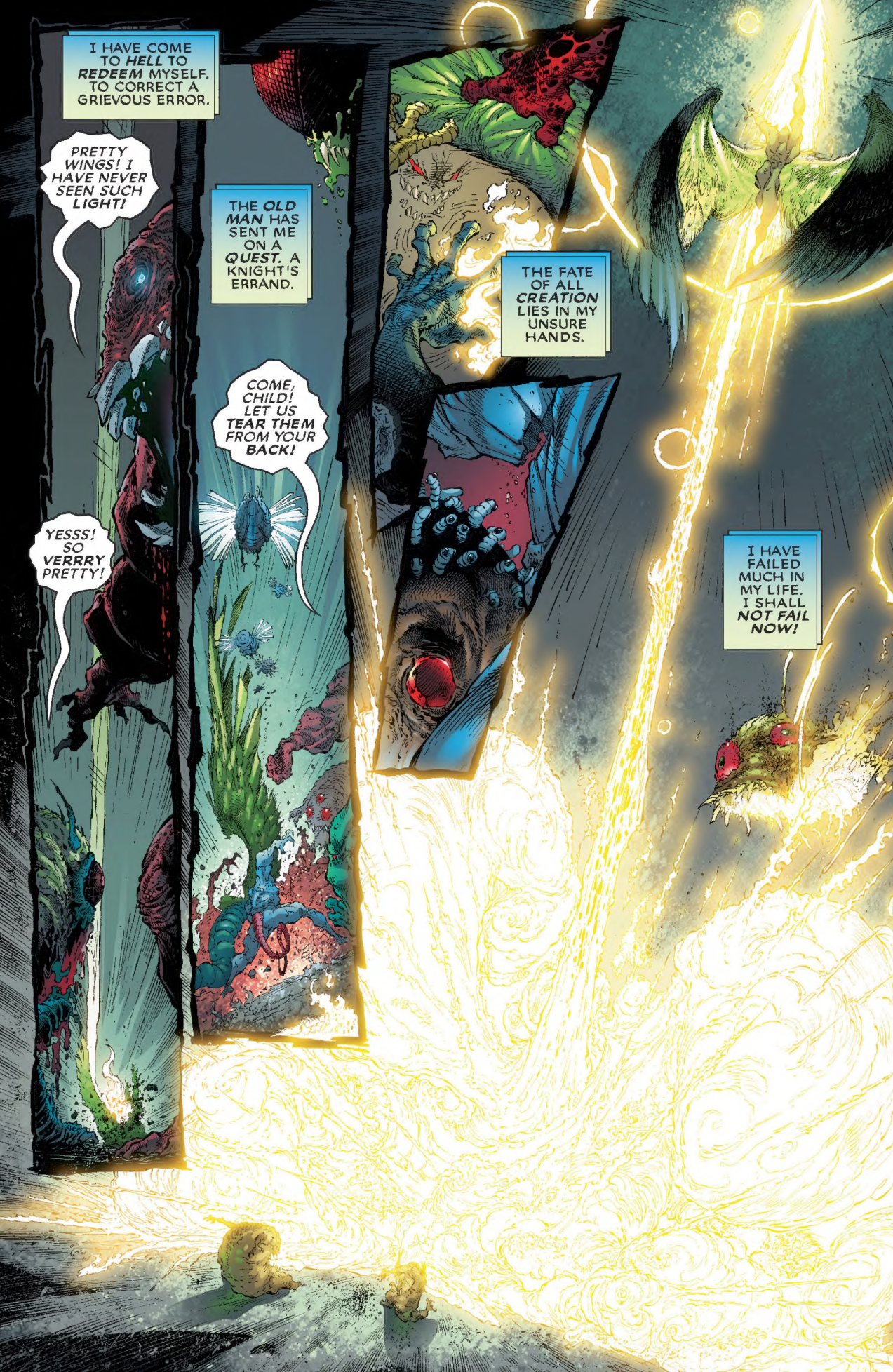
I AM AN *ANGEL*,  
A CREATURE OF  
PURE LIGHT AND  
BEAUTY. THE  
FIRE OF HEAVEN  
FLOWS THROUGH  
MY SUBLIME  
FORM.

I AM A *CHILD*.  
LYING COMA-  
STILL IN A NEW  
YORK HOSPITAL  
ROOM, A BULLET  
LODGED IN MY  
BRAIN.

**BRIGHT  
THING!**  
COME PLAY  
WITH US!

HOW CAN  
THESE  
THINGS BE  
TRUE? YET,  
SOMEHOW I  
SENSE THAT  
THEY ARE.





I HAVE COME  
TO HELL TO  
REDEEM MYSELF.  
TO CORRECT A  
GRIEVOUS ERROR.

PRETTY  
WINGS! I  
HAVE NEVER  
SEEN SUCH  
LIGHT!

THE OLD  
MAN HAS  
SENT ME  
ON A  
QUEST. A  
KNIGHT'S  
ERRAND.


COME,  
CHILD!  
LET US  
TEAR THEM  
FROM YOUR  
BACK!

YESSS!  
SO  
VERRRY  
PRETTY!

THE FATE  
OF ALL  
CREATION  
LIES IN MY  
UNSURE  
HANDS.

I HAVE  
FAILED  
MUCH IN  
MY LIFE.  
I SHALL  
NOT FAIL  
NOW!





HELL IS AT WAR,  
RENDING ITSELF  
TO PIECES.

THE DEMON-  
KIND FIGHT  
WITH A MAD  
DESPERATION.

SOME HOPING  
AGAINST HOPE  
FOR A VICTORY...

HAAAGH!





...OTHERS CONTENT  
TO GORGE THEM-  
SELVES ON SCRAPS.

IN THE MIDST  
OF IT ALL IS  
HELL'S ERRANT  
KING. IT IS HARD  
TO BELIEVE  
THAT THIS DARK  
AND TERRIBLE  
GOD WAS  
ONCE A MAN.


BOW  
DOWN!

BOW  
BEFORE ME  
AND  
TREMBLE!

NEVER!

I ONLY HOPE HE  
IS STILL HUMAN  
ENOUGH TO REMEMBER  
WHY WE CAME HERE.





I SEE BEINGS  
MADE ONLY TO  
**HATE** SCALE  
NEW HEIGHTS  
OF CRUELTY.

I SEE AN ARMY  
CLOAKED IN  
**RED**, RELEASED  
FROM THE SLOW,  
GLACIAL DRIP  
OF ETERNITY  
TO FIGHT ONE  
MORE GLORIOUS  
BATTLE.

AND I SEE A  
FROTHING MOB OF  
DAMNED SOULS  
SCREAM WITH A  
RAGE I KNOW ALL  
TOO WELL.

**KILL  
THEM! IN  
THE NAME OF  
FREEDOM!  
KILL THEM  
ALL!**

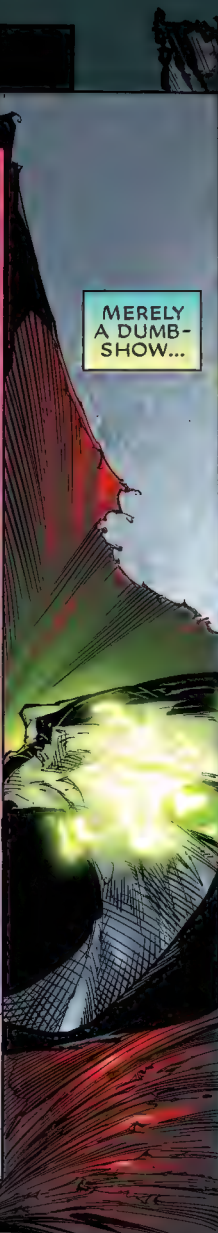
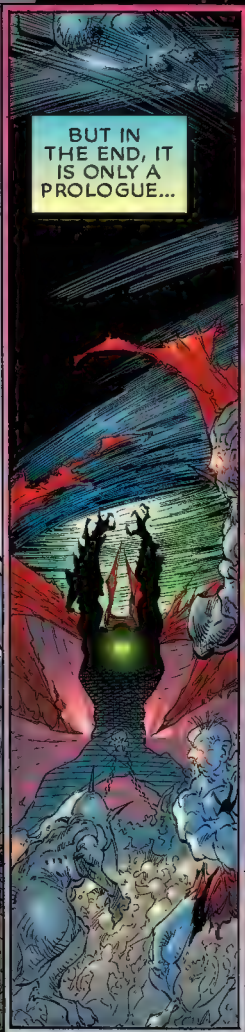
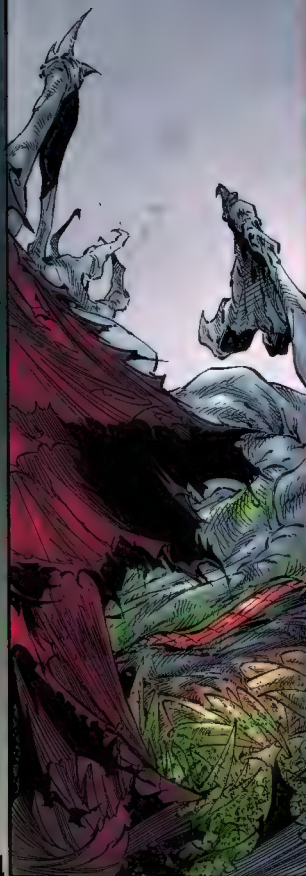


IT IS A  
MAGNIFICENT  
DRAMA TO  
BEHOLD.

BUT IN  
THE END, IT  
IS ONLY A  
PROLOGUE...

MERELY  
A DUMB-  
SHOW...

THE  
DENOUEMENT  
IS CLEAR.



THE  
VICTOR  
WAS NAMED  
LONG AGO.



FROM A MILE OFF, I CAN  
TELL I HAVE FOUND IT.

AN INTUITION,  
LIKE A TUNING  
FORK CHIMING  
IN THE CORE OF  
MY HEART.

SOOO...  
BEAUTIFUL...  
SO  
AWFUL...

I CAN'T GUESS  
WHAT MANNER  
OF BEAST  
GUARDS MY  
QUARRY.


I MUST  
BE  
BOLD.

EX-  
EXCUSE  
ME...YOU  
HAVE  
SOMETHING  
I NEED.

TAKE  
IT.

IT IS  
TOO  
PAINFUL  
TO LOOK  
AT.






A PALACE BEFITTING  
A *DARK MONARCH* IS  
SPAT FORTH FROM THE  
BOWELS OF HELL.

LET THERE  
BE NO  
MISTAKE...

WE ALL STAND IN  
AWE AND WATCH...  
MUTE WITNESSES  
TO A FIERY  
CORONATION.

THE  
KING OF HELL  
IS  
**RETURNED!**





IT HAS  
GONE  
WELL, BUT  
THERE IS  
STILL ONE  
PIECE  
MISSING.

I  
HAVE IT!  
I FOUND  
IT!

LET  
THOSE  
WHO STOOD  
BESIDE  
ME...

AND  
THOSE  
WHO STOOD  
AGAINST  
ME...

COME FORWARD  
AND FACE MY  
JUDGMENT.

**SPAWN!**  
PLEASE!  
LISTEN TO  
ME!

IS IT  
TOO LATE?  
IS HE  
TOO FAR  
GONE?





IF SO, WE  
ARE ALL  
DOOMED.

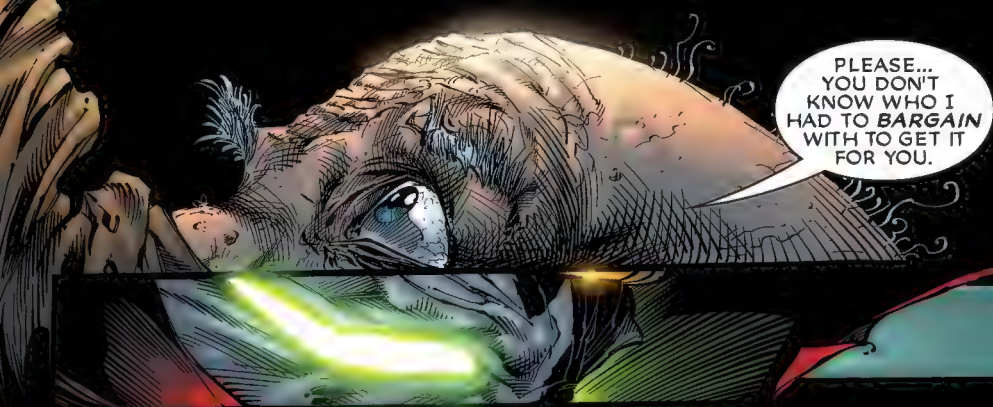
REMEMBER...  
REMEMBER  
WHY YOU DID  
THIS...



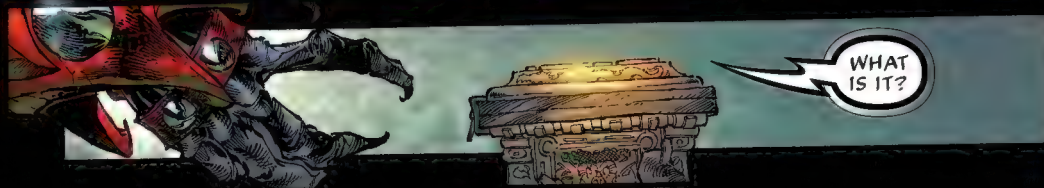
YOU  
WANTED TO  
MAKE A **BETTER**  
WORLD. YOU'RE  
SO CLOSE. DON'T  
LET IT ALL **SLIP**  
THROUGH YOUR  
FINGERS!

HERE!  
TAKE IT! IT'S  
EVERYTHING  
YOU  
WANTED!

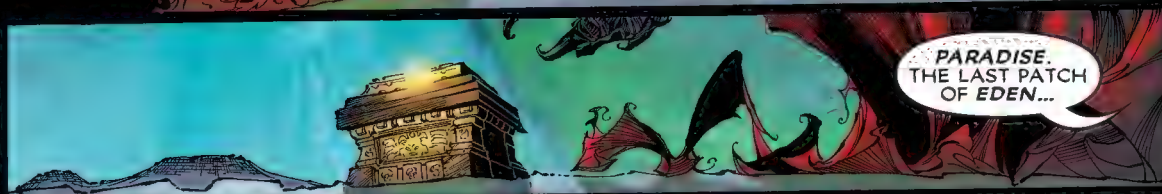
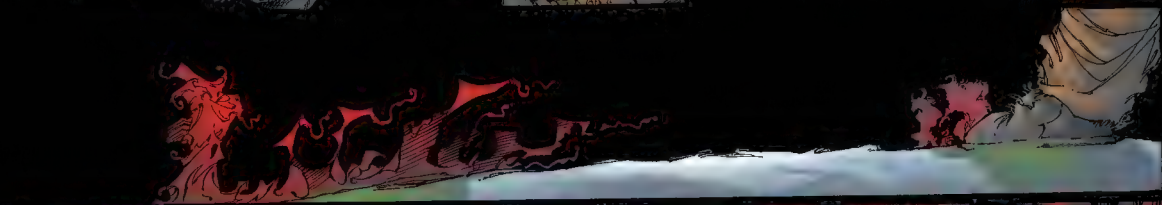




PLEASE...  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHO I  
HAD TO **BARGAIN**  
WITH TO GET IT  
FOR YOU.



WHAT  
IS IT?



PARADISE.  
THE LAST PATCH  
OF EDEN...

PRESERVED  
BY A RIVAL GOD...  
HIDDEN AWAY ALL  
THESE EONS.

IT IS A  
SEED.

USE IT TO  
GROW A NEW  
AND BETTER  
GARDEN.





SPAWN!  
IT'S WORKING!  
YOU *DID* IT. I  
AM SO PROUD  
OF YOU.

AND LOOK...  
SHE IS WAITING  
FOR YOU. JUST  
AS YOU ALWAYS  
*KNEW* SHE  
WOULD...



AL--?

DEEP INSIDE,  
THERE WAS ONE  
SHINING MOTE  
OF *HUMANITY*  
THAT COULD NOT  
BE DARKENED.

WANDA...?

A LOVE  
THAT  
COULD  
BRIDGE  
WORLDS.

IS  
THAT  
REALLY  
YOU?

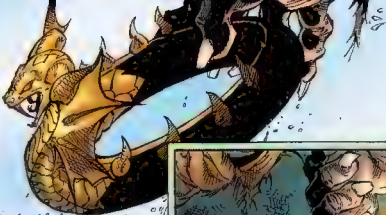
LOVE THAT  
COULD MAKE  
A MAN  
RETURN FROM  
THE GRAVE.

THAT WOULD  
LET A KING  
WILLINGLY  
RENOUCE  
HIS *THRONE*.

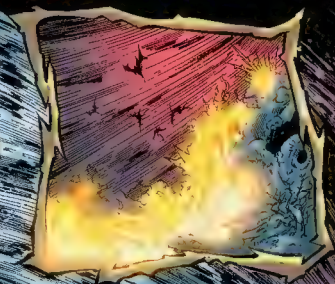
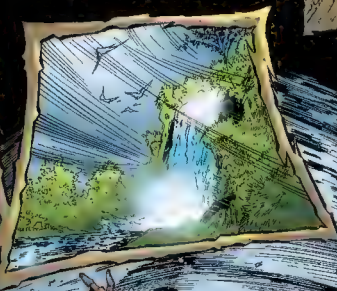
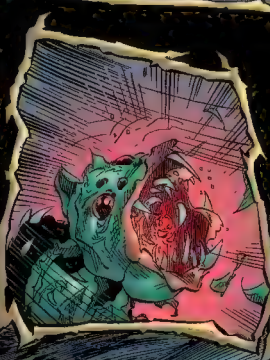
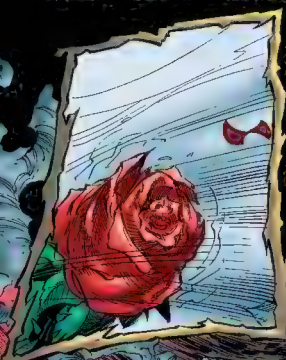
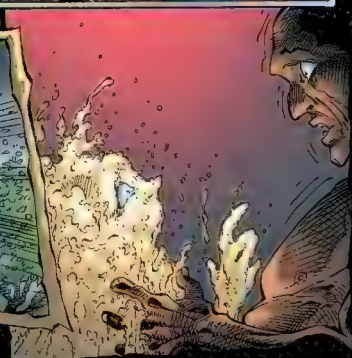
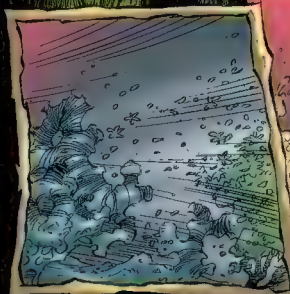
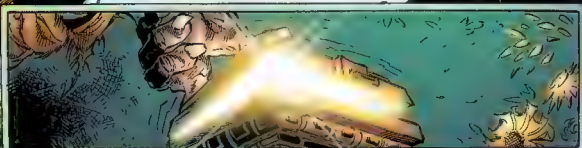
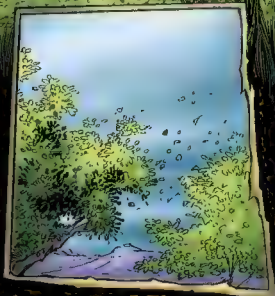
OH,  
AL.

WANDA...





I HAVE BEEN CALLED MANY  
NAMES IN MY TIME: CAIN.  
MALCUS. MERLIN. FAUSTUS.  
COGLIOSTRO.

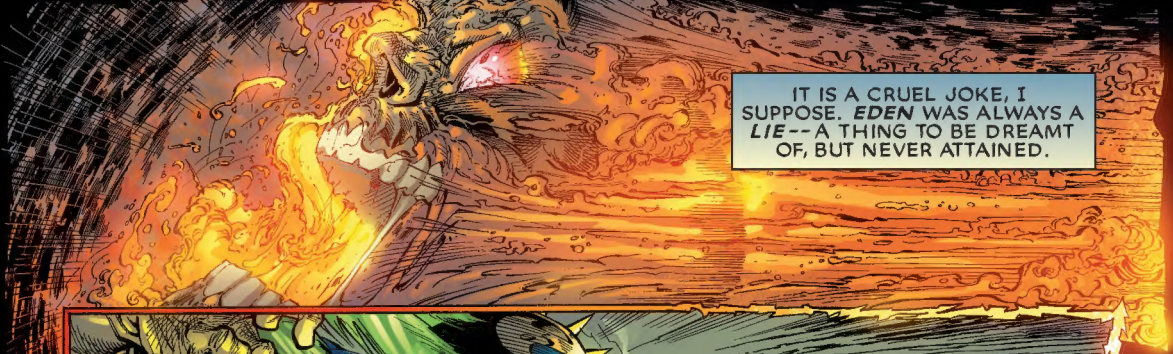


FOR CENTURY STACKED  
UPON CENTURY, LIFETIME  
AFTER LIFETIME, I HAVE  
SOUGHT SOMEONE TO  
RELEASE ME FROM THE  
TERRIBLE CURSE THAT  
HAS HOUNDED ME.

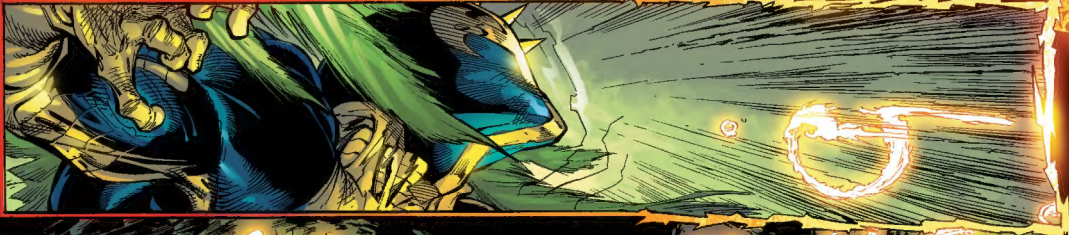
YOU WERE  
THE ONE.







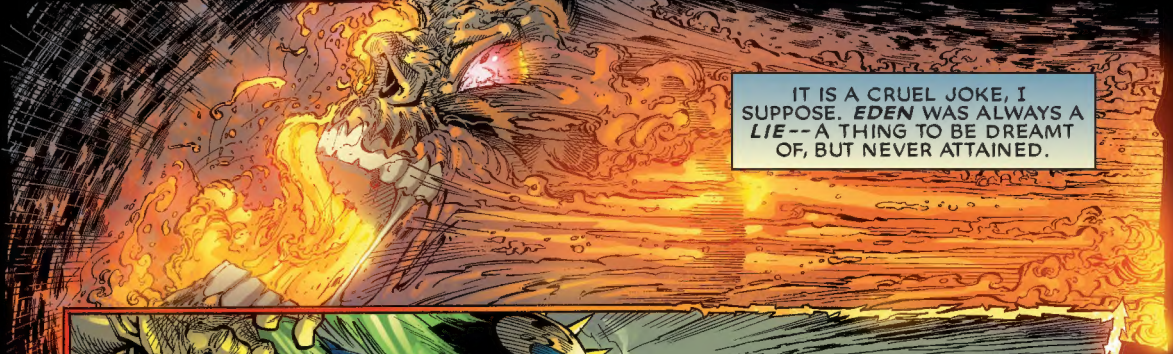
IT IS A CRUEL JOKE, I  
SUPPOSE. *EDEN* WAS ALWAYS A  
*LIE*--A THING TO BE DREAMT  
OF, BUT NEVER ATTAINED.



BUT HOW  
COULD YOU  
HAVE KNOWN  
THAT? YOU  
WEREN'T  
THERE IN THE  
BEGINNING.

BUT THEN, THIS  
NEVER WAS YOUR  
STORY, WAS IT?


IT WAS *MINE*.



ALL I CAN DO FOR YOU, MY FRIEND,  
IS GRANT AS BEST I CAN THE *ONE*  
THING YOU ALWAYS WANTED.







I WON'T PRETEND THIS  
WAS ANYTHING LESS  
THAN A BETRAYAL. I MAKE  
NO APOLOGIES AND LONG  
AGO GAVE UP HOPING  
FOR FORGIVENESS.

I MERELY  
DID WHAT  
I HAD TO.

BEFORE THERE  
WERE WORDS  
TO COUNT THE  
SLOW MARCH  
OF CENTURIES,  
I SWORE THAT I  
WOULD NEVER  
**SERVE A DAY**  
IN THIS PLACE.

I HAVE KEPT MY WORD.

'Le roi est mort,  
vive le roi.'





"... And after flattering dust  
with glimpses of  
Eden and Immortality, resolves  
It back to dust again – for what?"

Lord Byron  
"Cain, A Mystery"  
1821







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE